

JOHNSON

Mrs. A. J. Saleeby is visiting her sister in Boston.

Mrs. B. A. Hunt is home from Woodville, N. H.

Nathaniel Freeman was a guest of his mother over Sunday.

Harry Griswold has gone to Athol, Mass., to visit relatives.

Osman Hatch of St. Johnsbury was in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Woodward were in Burlington last Wednesday.

Grover Fletcher was home from Westfield, Mass., the first of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sherwin left Saturday morning for an extended trip to Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. I. L. Bailey and daughter, Miss Helen Bailey, were guests of Mrs. Chas. Whiting for the week-end.

Chas. Hayford is in Boston and Worcester, Mass., on a business trip. Mrs. Hayford passed Wednesday in Morrisville.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Patch have received a letter from their son, Mark Patch, stating that he had arrived safely in France. The letter was two weeks on the way and was received last Friday.

The remains of Rodney Foster, a former resident, were brought here last Friday night from Ashland, N. H., accompanied by his brother, Orin Foster, who went for them. Mr. Foster died from pneumonia Tuesday, Oct. 9th, at the age of 71 years. He had been a resident of Johnson for many years, going to New Hampshire several months ago to live. The funeral service was held Saturday morning from the Cong'l church at 10:30 o'clock. The interment was in Waterville in the family lot.

MacDowell-Parker

At the home of the bride on lower Main street the marriage of Miss Ruth Elizabeth Parker, the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Parker, to Perry Beresford MacDowell of Providence, R. I., occurred Tuesday, Oct. 9, at four o'clock. The house was most artistically decorated for the occasion. The sitting room, in which the ceremony was performed, was decorated with long sprays of asparagus used as draperies and tied back with bows of white ribbon. The bay window was filled with the asparagus and there were numerous bouquets of white carnations. The dining room was decorated with smilax and pink carnations. Rev. A. A. Mandigo, pastor of the Methodist church, was the officiating clergyman and the double ring service was used. The bride was beautiful in her white satin gown, cut en train and trimmed with pearls. She wore a long bridal veil held in place with orange blossoms, also a corsage bouquet of orange blossoms and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses. Her sister, Mrs. C. J. McCuin, was matron of honor, and two other sisters, Misses Rena and Grace Parker, were bridesmaids. The groom was attended by his brother-in-law, Edwin Smead, of Providence, R. I. Little Elizabeth Mandigo was flower girl and Miss Alice Mills played the wedding march.

Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. The bride's cake deserves special mention. It was very large and decorated with pink ribbon, smilax and pink carnations.

Mr. and Mrs. MacDowell left for New York City and from there went directly to Providence, R. I., which will be their future home. Mr. Parker taking them the entire distance in his touring car. The bride's going away gown was of tulle satin.

There was a beautiful array of gifts, particularly of cut glass and silver, among the latter being a chest of Patrician silver.

Mrs. MacDowell is a graduate of the Montpelier Seminary and the Burlington Business College. Besides positions in town and in Montreal, she was for five years in the office of the George H. Claffin Co. She is a deservedly popular and much respected young lady, whose many friends extend hearty good wishes and congratulations. Mr. MacDowell is a graduate of the Rhode Island School of Pharmacy and is connected with the drug business in Providence.

FROM COAST TO COAST

A Remarkable Chain of Home Testimony. And Morrisville Adds Its Voice to the Grand Chorus of Local Praise

From north to south, from east to west:

In every city, every community;

In every state in the Union

Rings out the grateful praise for Doan's Kidney Pills.

40,000 representative people in every walk of life

Publicly testify to quick relief and lasting results.

And it's all for the benefit of fellow sufferers.

In this grand chorus of local praise Morrisville is well represented.

Well-known Morrisville people

Tell of personal experiences.

Who can ask for better proof of merit?

P. R. Davis, Brooklyn St., Morrisville,

says: "Some years ago I strained my kidneys doing heavy work. The kidney secretions were off color and irregular in passage. My back ached constantly and when I stooped over, sharp pains caught me. I was in bad shape for a while. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me the desired relief."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Davis had. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Household Ranges

BUILT TO BAKE

"Built to Bake" means something more than a mere advertising phrase. It stands for the scientific construction that has made Household Ranges the best bakers known. The same "built to bake" construction is a feature of the new Household gas oven which we are selling in combination with Household Ranges this season.

You can bake equally well with the gas or coal oven, and without taking any more room in your kitchen double your cooking and baking capacity.

Household gas ovens are all cast iron, equipped with standard U. G. I. burners, three hole top gas end shelf and convenient broiler. We will show you many other advantages of this Household gas attachment when you call at our store.

FOR SALE BY
EATON BROS.
MORRISVILLE, VERMONT

SAVE THE FOOD

50,000 Housewives are Expected to Pledge Themselves to Save Food—3,016 Set for Lamoille.

Washington, Oct. 12—Vermont is expected to turn into the federal food administration a minimum of 50,000 cards signed by housewives pledging themselves to a conservation of food and to follow the suggestions of the food administration so far as their circumstances will permit. The maximum enrollment in the conservation army for the state is set at 87,681 and if this figure is reached it will mean that every family in the state has committed itself to the creed, "Food will win the war." Vermont is leading the other states in the Union in the preliminary organizing for the great drive that is to be conducted during the week beginning October 21.

The national headquarters will receive frequent returns from state campaign managers and will furnish the press of the country daily reports showing just how each state in the Union stands and daily comparisons will be made. This same system will be followed as between counties in the several states. In Vermont county managers will make daily reports to campaign manager James P. Taylor at Burlington, Vt., and he will furnish these to the Vermont papers so that a check on the enrollment in each county can be had by the public.

The figures on the number of families in Vermont are based on the United States bureau of census estimates of 1917. The bureau states that the average number of persons a family for Vermont is 4.2. Owing to the fact that allowances in a pledge card campaign have to be made because of the fact that in some sections of Vermont the population is not dense thereby making the work of the canvassers difficult, it will be considered remarkable if the maximum enrollment is returned. It is felt, however, that the preliminary work in Vermont has been of such a nature that more than a minimum enrollment in the conservation army may be expected. The following table sets forth the Vermont figures, based on 1917 census estimates:

County	Population	Maximum	Minimum
Adirondack	20,010	4,764	2,814
Bennington	21,378	5,090	3,094
Caledonia	27,235	6,484	3,658
Chittenden	44,534	10,601	5,966
Essex	7,384	1,758	1,024
Franklin	29,806	7,111	4,191
Grand Isle	3,761	895	526
Lamoille	12,801	3,048	1,799
Orange	18,703	4,453	2,624
Orleans	24,296	5,785	3,279
Rutland	51,007	12,144	6,765
Washington	45,422	10,815	5,890
Windham	27,130	6,459	3,785
Windsor	34,743	8,274	4,725
Total	368,296	87,681	50,000

Constipation causes headache, indigestion, dizziness, drowsiness. For a mild, opening medicine, use Doan's Regulat. 30c a box at all stores.—adv.

Unexplainable.

The man who has studied physics can't explain one thing: Why does cold cash burn some pockets?—Atchison Globe.

WASHINGTON WANTS

many young men and women stenographers and bookkeepers for desirable positions in government offices.

ALBANY
BUSINESS
COLLEGE

prepares candidates quickly and thoroughly for the service or for places at home formerly occupied by those who have gone. Write for particulars. CARNELL & HOYT, Albany, N. Y.

RIGHT NOW!

By
Edith Barnard Delano
of the Vigilantes.

If your neighbor's house is burning, and the sparks are falling on your shingled roof, are you interested in the fire?

If the boy next door has a sore throat, and there's a lot of scarlet fever about, and you have four children of your own, does it mean anything to you?

If the man who owns the farm just across the road from your orchard won't spray his apple trees, what do you care?

If folks in the house back of yours persist in leaving the lid off their garbage pail the nasty pestilential flies bred there never come over to your house, do they?

NOW—fire and fever, famine, pestilence, and that which is worse than murder are YOUR NEIGHBOR. Oh yes they are! You can't say that they are across the water, in Europe, where they are too far off to harm you or yours. They are here, right here in your country. Your neighbor's fire smoked before it blazed, the boy next door had scarlet fever for days before it "broke out" on him; the unsprayed apple trees and the uncovered garbage pail were getting in their deadly work for days before you knew anything about them. The danger that this war is spreading throughout every corner of the world is not over there, but here, HERE and NOW. Much of the danger you know; much you do not know. There are enemies, germ carriers, where you think it is impossible for them to be. You may rub your elbows with them on your way to work. You may sit next to them in street cars. They may be your customers, your tradespeople, your very neighbors; but they are spreading by ways that are open and that kill quickly and by ways that are secret and that stab in the dark the most dreadful disease that has ever been on this earth—WAR. You know what war does; there is not a man, nor a woman, nor a child in all this broad land who will not be hurt by this war if it is permitted to repeat itself. War has got to be ended, ended soon, and ended forever; and there is only one way to do it. One way, that is, for you and for me, who cannot place our bodies where they will stand between our loved ones and the shot and steel of war. You and I have got to do our part by providing the means with which war can be stopped and shall be stopped. You and I, who cannot fight, have got to provide money, just money, so that others can do our fighting for us. And the fighting of this war is the one big final housecleaning of the world; even the germ carriers have got to be routed out and cleaned up.

Housecleaning costs money. So does sickness. But cleanliness and health are worth paying for. They are good investments. You do not hesitate to pay for fire insurance, to call in the doctor, to keep your home premises clean and to do what you can to see that the people around you do the same. It's worth it.

Right now, you have got to insure your children's children against disaster worse than fire. Buy a Liberty Bond and let our soldiers be your properly equipped firemen.

Right now you have got to call in a doctor. Buy a Liberty Bond and let Uncle Sam choke off the germ carrying spies and seditionists here at home, and clean them up wherever they are working throughout the world.

Right now you have got to force your neighbor—and remember that he doesn't live only in the Germany which produced his poison—to clean his premises of something that is more dangerous than scale or dry rot or borers or moths or anything else that the world has ever had to deal with. Buy a Liberty Bond and help rid the

world forever of this ghastly pestilence of war.

Right now is the time to make safe your homes and all that you wish Home to stand for; the life and health of you and your children; the security of your incomes; the upholding of the ideals without which you wouldn't care to live. There is only one way in which you and I can do it, but that way is going to bring us in mighty good interest. It's the best investment you'll ever make, or anybody else.

Buy a Liberty Bond—RIGHT NOW!



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FARM HOMES FOR FIGHTERS

Vast Area in Australia May Be Opened Up to Settlement by British Soldier After War.

Plans to throw open 3,000,000 square miles of white Australia to population by ex-service men when war is over is a plan that is now being taken up enthusiastically by the leaders not only in Australia, but throughout the British empire. This colonization movement is under the auspices of the British Immigration League of Australia. Henry C. Armstrong, a member of the league, who has been in this country, tells interestingly of the aims, and of the vast country that will be opened up as a place where the soldiers can find home comfort and peaceful prosperity as a reward for industry after the fight is done.

The general plan of the league is to have the government of the Australian states provide areas of land adequate to the accommodation of desirable settlers from the Australian and British forces who may wish to make their homes in that commonwealth, provision being made especially for ex-service settlers and their dependents. The money requisite for the proper settlement by Australian sailors and soldiers is to be raised by special taxation or loans. It provides that the general scheme of provision and betterment should be under rigid government control and financed from the consolidated revenue. As whatever amount thus raised by special taxation will be inadequate to the expense and recurring cost of settling on equal conditions a large number of British ex-service men, any balance required is to be supplied by loans from the imperial government.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the family system tonic. Price, \$1.25.—adv.

A Safe Guess.

"De man dat tries to please everybody," said Uncle Eben, "can't possibly git by wifout tryin' to fool somebody."

A Happy Mishap

By
GEORGE ELMER COBB

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Hil out of the way there!" Bob Grinnell, the proudest boy in Leighton, made the welkin ring with his sturdy tones. He was running, or rather was made to run by a young-of-heifer, to the neck of which he had attached an eight-foot rope. Every time the nimble animal made a spurt pedestrians crowded aside, for twice Bob was dragged sprawling. He held on like grim death, however, for to him the scrawny, long-limbed animal was a treasure inestimable.

A month previous a state commission had advertised that at a certain date, a three-month-old heifer would be entrusted to the keeping of any school-attending boy or girl in the town, who would bring a letter from their parents agreeing to guarantee the care of the animal.

Bob had been allowed to pick out a brindle calf that caught his fancy. He had now conveyed it away from the group about the courthouse square. Suddenly, as he was crossing the street, a puffing automobile came rushing around the corner. His captive acquisition gave a wild dash. Clear around a square the animal coursed, and then sank exhausted and placid where an alley cut in from the main thoroughfare.

"Whew!" panted Bob and sank down beside the cowed and quivering animal. Just then a man carrying a fair-sized satchel came along. He was old, bent and cross-looking.

"Hi, there, Bob!" spoke this man, Ezra Grinnell.

"Yes, sir," responded Bob. "Mind this satchel while I go up to my lawyer's office a minute, will you?"

"Sure, Mr. Grinnell," accommodatingly acquiesced Bob.

"And mail this letter on your way home past the post office and I'll give you a dime."

"Thank you, sir," bobbed Bob. The old man stumped along and disappeared up the street stairs of a nearby building. Bobby noticed that the heifer had stretched out upon the ground as if thoroughly tamed. A bright idea struck him.

"I'll have to go out of my way home-ward to get to the post office," he reflected. "Besides, I want to keep off the crowded streets with this wild and woolly brindle of mine. I've got it!"

Bob proceeded to tie the loose end of the rope through the handles of the satchel. Then he made a dart two blocks down the street, mailed the letter and hastened back to the starting point.

"Oh, now!" cried Bob in stupefied consternation.

"Hi, Bob! Where's my satchel?" hailed him and there was Mr. Grinnell at his side.

"Oh!" gulped Bob, glaring down the alley—"she's gone!"

"Who's gone?" challenged Mr. Grinnell.

"Brindle. I tied her to your valise and she's bolted, satchel and all!"

Grinnell let out a roar. His eyes blazed, his face reddened.

"Boy!" he thundered in an awful tone, "there was ten thousand dollars in that valise. Find it, get it, or I'm ruined!" and he sank to an ash box, the picture of desolation.

Bob was weeping by this time. The loss of Brindle, the added catastrophe of the valise completely overwhelmed him. He ran down the alley, glancing anxiously into backyards. Where it opened into another street he met a boy chum and breathlessly imparted his deplorable situation.

"Heifer and satchel?" excitedly observed his friend. "Yes, sir, I saw it!"

"Where—where?" projected Bob. "Beating it lickety-split toward the baseball grounds," and Bob dashed on. His tear-stained face was woe-begone as he came back downtown an hour later. He had to inquire as to the whereabouts of Mr. Grinnell, for the latter he knew, had given up his old home a week previous, pursuant to moving to the city. At length, Bob found him at the village hotel. He narrated his dismal failure as to locating the heifer and valise.

Mr. Grinnell dismissed him with a scowl and rushed forth to search himself for the precious satchel. He put in two hours with spying into all kinds of odd corners in yards and lanes and making inquiries. He was passing a street behind some houses facing the street when he gave a great gasp of hopefulness.

"The heifer!" he shouted and swung over a fence with the nimbleness of an agile schoolboy. Yes, there was the heifer, its rope trailing the ground, nosing in a neat garden bed, but—where was the satchel?

Grinnell looked eagerly all about. There was no trace of his missing valise. He ran up to the animal and seized it, shook it frantically as if to make it speak. Then he turned at a speedy hail.

"Why, Uncle Ezra!"

Immediately the old man forgot his money loss. He drew back with a chilling expression of face.

"I asked you once never to address me again," he began sternly.

"Nonsense! See here, now you're

here, you must come in and see my wife."

"Must I?" snarled Grinnell. "Humph! when they take me in it'll be on a stretcher, yes! Go your way, I'm through with you."

"Whoof—ahast! you greedy intruder!" shouted Warren Morse abruptly, discovering the heifer in among his rare garden stuff, and he drove the animal from the spot where it was contentedly luxuriating. Grinnell viewed the proceeding with a dark scowl and a suspicious eye. Then he moved slowly away.

"I hear you are going to leave town, uncle," spoke Warren, following him. "Won't you, at least, shake hands?"

"No, I won't!" snapped the old man. "You would go away and marry against my will the daughter of my bitterest enemy. Now make the best of it."

"The best of it?" repeated Morse, with a radiant face. "Oh, uncle, it's all best! She is the loveliest woman in the world and as to her father being your enemy—nonsense! Look out! They've been digging a ditch there."

Too late Morse spoke. His uncle had crossed a broken stretch beyond the garden, everywhere dug up and covered with the debris of a burned-down building. Grinnell had stumbled over a tilted log, dropped two feet among a litter of old iron and wood and lay there, groaning and helpless.

Morse was at once all solicitude and interest. He examined the fallen tyro. Then he said:

"It's a broken leg, uncle, I'm afraid," and ran to the house. Inside of five minutes on an improvised litter the old man was carried into a room hastily prepared for him, a surgeon was sent for, and amid his pain and fright and existing confusion Grinnell did not have time or thought to analyze what was going on about him.

"I want you to get me to the hotel or to the hospital, doctor," he declared.

"You'll stay right here for a week or two, I'm thinking," observed the



"Yes, Sir," Responded Bob.

physician, "or you'll risk never using that leg again."

"Then send me a nurse," directed Grinnell. "I do not wish to be bothered to the people who occupy this house. You arrange to pay for what trouble I make, as if they were strangers."

The nurse arrived, young, pretty, attentive. She saw that no intrusion was made upon her patient during a week's attendance upon the whims and wants of the old man. From being half human, in his crusty, crabbed way, he grew positively kind, and then grateful.

"I have some news for you, Mr. Grinnell," she said one day. "They've found your satchel where it broke loose from the calf, in a rut in the next lot."

"Good! grand!" cried the old man. "Fetch it here, to this room right away, under my eye. Don't let my nephew or that wife of his or her rascally old father get their clutches on it."

"I won't," pledged his gentle, patient nurse.

"I want to get away from here as soon as I can and then I intend to make a new will. You have been very kind to me, Miss Littleton, and I wish to mention you in it. What is your first name?"

"Grace."

"Grace Littleton? Very good," he memorized.

"No, no," corrected the smiling nurse—"Grace Morse. Don't be angry, Uncle Ezra, but I am the wife of your nephew, Warren Morse."

And within the hour there was a grand general reconciliation.

Shot by His Friend.

Surely nothing can discourage a man who knows his own friends. There was a rattle of revolver fire in a hallway on an East side street and a policeman ran for it. He found a man lying in the hallway and two other men bending over him. With drawn revolver the policeman ordered the men to step aside. Then he addressed questions to the wounded man on the floor regarding his identity and how he came by his wound. The man gave his name and added: "A friend of mine shot me in the stomach. I won't tell you no more. Your job is to get an ambulance, mine is to get well and his to get some life insurance before I get out again."—New York Times.